looked for ukase investing the moujik with the ownership of the land, and that the execution of the decree is fraudulently withheld by the local officials and territorial magnates of the neighborhood. A sort of Jacquerie on a small scale ensues. The peasantry, wild with rage at the notion of being deprived of what they believe to be their rights—of the rights accorded to them by their "Little Father"—attack and burn a few chateaus, perhaps massacre some of the inmates if the latter happen to have rendered themselves particularly obnoxious, and cut down with their terrible scythes any of the rural government officials whom they may encounter, but are soon reduced to subjection by the lead thonged whips, the sabres, the lances and the rifles of the Cossacks, who cut them to pieces and shoot them down en masse. Reports of these disturbances find their way into the foreign press, and are falsely described in a way to convey the impression that if the peasants have risen it is against the Czar and against his government, whereas it is nothing of the sort, the revolt having been wholly and entirely against the territorial magnates and local officials for refusing to put into operation what the moujiks believe are the Emperor's wishes and orders regarding the distribution of the land.

Czar Nicholas understands the Russian peasant. He may not be a great statesman or a man of such brilliancy and intellectual activity as, for instance, Emperor William. But he does understand far better than many of his Ministers and political advisers the moujik. In spite of all the efforts of the officials by whom he was surrounded while acting as president of the famine commission, prior to his accession, he managed time and again to get into very close contact with the poor in the rural districts. He encouraged them to talk to him freely, and they yielded to his advances. For, in certain respects, the distances between the great and the lowly are less marked in Russia than in Western countries, and the moujik thinks it perfectly natural to address his sovereign as "Little Father," and with the familiar "thou," in lieu of the obsequious forms of speech required by the etiquette of courts and officialdom in verbal intercourse with crowned heads. What Nicholas saw of the terrible poverty, the lifelong misery, and of the persecution to which the moujiks were subjected made on him a very profound impression. He firmly determined that when he became Czar he would make it the chief business of his reign to lighten the heavy burden which the peasants bore, and to better their lot in every way, and his one great trouble in life is that nearly all his efforts in their behalf have failed, and that, save for the fact that he has remitted millions upon millions of rubles of their arrears of taxation, their lot is no better now than it was in the days of his father. Nor is this endeavor to ameliorate their lot wholly disinterested. For he is shrewd enough to appreciate to its full extent the touching sentiment of loyalty, of devotion, of the moujik toward the "Little Father," and the peasant's firm belief in the sympathy and the fondness of the Czar for the humblest class of his subjects. And Nicholas feels that as long as these impressions are preserved, as long as the peasants are content with their sovereign, the latter's throne will be safe, no matter how much noise the classes and the townspeople may make.

But it is not only the Czar who understands this. The fact is likewise appreciated by that ablest of all Russian statesmen, Count de Witte, and by other public men in Russia of the same calibre. True, they do not proclaim their views from the housetops, realizing that, for many reasons, both personal and public, it is politic

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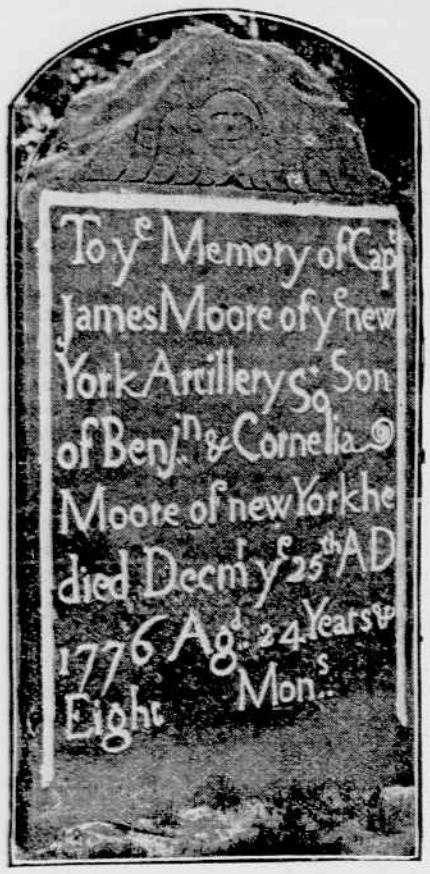


A HEADSTONE IN ITS RESTORED CONDITION.

RESCUED FROM OBLIVION.

Graves of Men Killed in Battle of Trenton Finally Cared For.

If sorrow comes to those in the sunny land on the other side of the Styx, then the shades of the Revolutionary heroes must have been saddened for many years past by the neglect of the nation to care for the last resting place of the men who fell in the fight at Trenton, when Washington crossed the Delaware and fell on the unsuspecting Hessians. On the bank of the river near the spot where the historical crossing was made nearly a hundred dead were buried in soldiers' graves when the victorious Colonials returned to the Pennsylvania side of the Delaware. The graves were marked with small slabs of stone taken from one of the quarries in the vicinity, and the army passed on, to fight and win once more. As years rolled on the little group of graves on the bank of the Delaware was forgotten. The spot is a lonely one on the edge of a wheat field, far from the beaten track of travel, and no one was likely to pass that way but an occasional hunter or fisherman. As the trees grew bigger and the grass and weeds more wild, the modest little slabs of stone were hidden from view entirely, and there was danger that the burial ground of the patriotic dead would be forgotten entirely and the brown headpieces be taken for the ordinary encumbrances of the land and hurled into the Delaware by some thoughtless tiller of the soil.

To the credit of Bucks County be it recorded that some patriot recalled that the dead soldiers were buried on the spot, and a feeble effort was made to preserve the graves intact. This was many years ago, and the spasmodic attempt to care for the little burial ground did not last long. The graves were again neglected and the place became a wilderness. Recently, however, the Patriotic Sons of America decided that the historic spots in New-Jersey and Pennsylvania ought to engage their earnest attention, and the burial ground in Bucks County was one of the first to attract them. It was not easy to find the spot where the graves were buried beneath the wild grass and shrubbery. At the nearest town, New-Town, the residents knew nothing about the burial ground, a mile and a half away. With great difficulty the place was located, and the single headstone which bore an inscription raised from its recumbent position and placed in the centre of the group of smaller stones. Around this headstone, after the inscription had been gone over in white paint, a fence was built. The headstone bears the following inscription:

> To ye memory of Capt. James Moore of ye New York artillery. Son of Benjn. & Cornelia Moore of new York he died Decmr. ye 25th A. D. 1776 Agd. 24 Years & Eight Mons.

With this grave as a centrepiece, the patriots fenced and cleared and painted and decorated until they had made of the once neglected and forgotten wilderness a neat and attractive burial ground. Then they cut down a tree from the adjacent woods, trimmed and painted it and set it up as a flagstaff. Finally they hoisted Old Glory on the top of this flagstaff, and the shades of the Revolutionary heroes on the other side of the Styx regained their wonted peace of mind. As a finishing touch to their work the patriots placed a small American flag on each of the tiny headstones, and concluded their efforts with a service of song.

If you ask any of the residents of New-Town where the burial place is, the chances are that he will tell you he never heard of it. And yet it is within a few minutes of the picturesque old place at which Washington made his headquarters during the Trenton campaign. To reach the spot it is necessary to cross a field in which the wheat is waist high, or by following the river bank and forcing a path through the wilderness of trees and shrubbery it can be reached from that side. Were it not for the flag that floats proudly in the breeze on this historic spot, persons who visit the neighborhood to see the little burial place would be unable to find it without a long search. Once there, the visitor is tempted to sit for hours enjoying the sylvan beauty of the scene. Through the trees that fringe the bank of the Delaware glimpses of that placid river can be seen. All around are smiling farmlands. Not a house is visible from the spot, and no sounds can be heard but the songs of birds and the sighing of the breeze through the treetops.

PLACING FLAGS ON LONG NEGLECTED GRAVES OF SOLDIERS WHO WERE KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF TRENTON.

America.

My country,—'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

My native country,—thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Our fathers' God,—to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God,—our King.

Written in 1832. S. F. Smith.

"AMERICA."

A copy in the handwriting of the author, S. F. Smith, written in 1832.

THE STORY OF "AMERICA."

Where Written and When First Sung in Public.

The history of a national hymn is worth knowing, even though the hymn was written under ordinary conditions. The author of "America," Samuel F. Smith, had no idea that his little outburst of patriotic feeling and loyalty to his native land woven into verse in his early manhood would be sung throughout the length and breadth of the land in his old age and in the ages to follow his own day. Indeed, no one was more surprised than was the young poet at the popularity of his song, written one dismal February afternoon in the year 1832 when young Smith was a student at Andover.

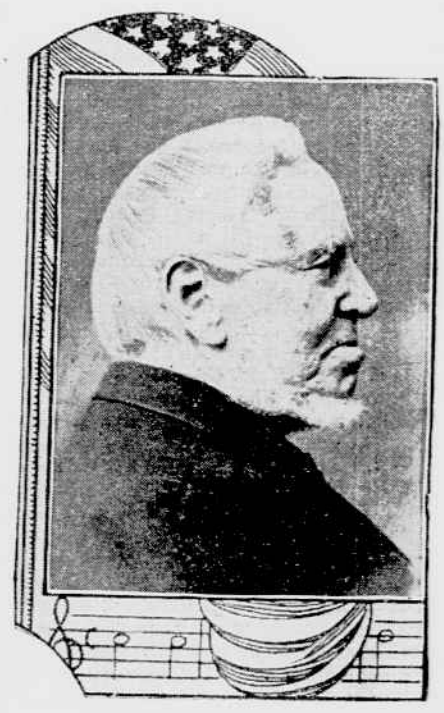
The author of "America" was born in Boston on October 21, 1808. He was a student in Boston's famous old Latin School, where he won a Franklin medal. Then he went to Harvard College, where he was a classmate of Oliver Wendell Holmes, who celebrated him in a poem in which he said:

> And there's a nice youngster of excellent pith,
> Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
> But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,
> Just read on his medal, "My country, of thee."

After leaving Harvard young Smith, who had determined to become a minister, went to the theological seminary in Andover, and one may still see in that interesting old town the house in which young Smith wrote "America" that midwinter day seventy-three years ago.

One of the most prominent men in the musical world of that day was Lowell Mason. Few Americans have done as much as Lowell Mason did for church music, and it was through his efforts that music was introduced into the public schools. Mason and Smith were warm friends, and when "America" was written its author sent it to Mason, who was impressed by the beauty and the fine spirit of patriotism in the poem. It was not, however, until the Fourth of July, 1832, that the hymn was sung in public. The occasion was a Sunday school celebration in Boston's famous old Park Street Church, built in the year 1809. It is a church that has been the scene of some of the most important gatherings in Boston in the last century. It was on another Fourth of July when William Lloyd Garrison stood up in that church to make his first anti-slavery speech, when he was twenty-four years of age. Two of the famous poets of later days, but then in their young manhood, sat in the audience and heard the fiery words of young Garrison. They were Oliver Wendell Holmes and John Greenleaf Whittier.

An incident worth recording in connection with the first singing of "America" in this church is that there was a lad of about ten years playing on Boston Common that Fourth of July, and when he saw the people going into the church he followed them to discover all that was "going on." That curious minded youth was Edward Everett Hale, and thus it was that he heard the national anthem the first time it was ever sung in public.



SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.
Author of "America."